

Fury Road Trip

“It’s been TEN MINUTES, & We’re All Already FIGHTING”

Set-Up: Create Yourself

1. How does the rest of the world contemptuously refer to you? Angel, Blackthumb, Bloodbag, Cannibal, Cultkid, Dowser, Enforcer, Hardholder, Hocus-Pocus, Iris, Junkie, Meatmonger, Pathfinder, Runaway, Road Reaver, Scavenger, Stitcher, Shadow, Warboy? Get a vague idea of what that means. Fill in the details later.
2. But how does your Rig Gang see you? The arty one, the brainbox, the brooder, the chatterbox, the dreamer, the driver, the dependable one, the hostage, the idealist, the kid, the liability, the lovebird, the rebel, the weirdo, the one who’s always there for others yet never has time for themself, the one who scares even us, Alexis’s Friend Emperor Capria Who Will Be Coming With Us This Year?
3. You start with 0 **Harm**.
4. Choose your **Number**, either 3, 4 or 5. (Lower = more underlying fury).
5. Choose one **Skill** associated with your background. E.g. a Blackthumb’s Skill could be “Fixing the Rig.” When you roll with your Skill, roll twice and keep the best result.

Set-Up: Create Your World

As a group, decide on an area of the world and a date. The **default setting** is the near future in the aftermath of global population collapse, following cascading tipping points in the climate system, and associated famines, pandemics, and wars. If you prefer a more fictional setting, make one up now.

Set-Up: Create the Whole Gang

Maybe you’re related, or you’re maybe you’re found family, or maybe you’re a group of pals. Whatever it is, **it’s complicated**. Come up with a few relationships, and figure out the rest as you go along.

Set-Up: Create Your Rig

As a group, decide on ...

1. **Concept**. What was your Rig once? Ice-cream truck? Spider excavator? Dump truck? Or ... ?
2. **Assets**. What makes your Rig tougher or weirder than the rest? Doof Guitar, Harpoon, Hypno-Ray, Reconnaissance Parasail, Ruggedized Sandwich Hamper, Snatch Crane, something else?
3. **Scarcities**. What did SOMEBODY forget to pack? Water, bullets, cutlery, explosives, gas, the map to the Green Place, the Vaccine, knives and forks, ketchup?
4. **Capacity**. Decide how many people can theoretically fit into your Rig. Whatever you decide, the number of people who can ACTUALLY fit into your Rig is infinite.
5. Your **Rig Pool** starts at 2.
6. Did you write it all down? OK well this time don’t lose it. Where’d you put it?

Two Ways to Tell the Story

MC Option: Traditional RPG style. Each member of the Rig Gang narrate their own thoughts, feelings, and actions. The Maker of Crashes (MC) narrates the world.

Co-operative Option: Rotate MC duties. At the start of each scene, one player decides to Wait in the Car (aka Take A Walk By Myself For 5 Minutes OK, and/or Just Put In My Headphones). This player MCs the scene. No matter what happens, their character is completely oblivious, impervious, and zero help.

Roadside Attractions!

- ✱ Refuse to stop at this creepily welcoming “Utopia” because you just stopped at one five minutes ago, but you can stop at the next one, when there is a next one.
- ✱ Take a trip down memory lane at this Gashead Stronghold, where you used to barter bullets, that’s so *different* now!
- ✱ Pipe down back there! or the bandits in this mountain pass who operate a trebuchet that casts blazing car wrecks down upon their helpless prey will hear you.
- ✱ Choose *really* awkward moments to confront your Gang about how they’ve been making you feel!
- ✱ Enjoy multiple bathroom breaks across a vast irradiated wasteland, replete with wrecked gas stations, cannibal diners, fortified oases, obscene casinos, memorable hitchhikers, World’s Biggest Ball of Bones, & LOVE, & FURY --

Your Number & Your Moves

You have three kinds of move.

1. **Fire.** Crush skulls. Yeet a motorbike. Get a bit more legroom in the back.
2. **Edge.** Use finesse. Stay focused. Call Shotgun.
3. **Soul.** Read a situation. Sniff an ambush. Listen with your heart. Hug it out.

Your **Number** is all you need for all three moves. When you do something hard, **roll a d6**, and ...

1. When you roll with **Fire**, roll **over** your Number to succeed. Roll equal to your Number for a partial success, success at a cost, or a hard choice.
2. When you roll with **Edge**, roll **exactly** your Number to succeed. Roll one more or one less for a partial success, success at a cost, or a hard choice.
3. When you roll with **Soul**, roll **under** your Number to succeed. Roll equal to your Number for a partial success, success at a cost, or a hard choice.

Rig Pool: After your roll, you can spend a point from the Rig Pool to help you do better. See ‘Rig Pool.’

Skill: If you’re using your Skill, roll twice and keep the best result.

You live in a furious world. **Whenever you fail with Fire or Soul**, move 1 point from your Number to the Rig Pool.

Wait, which do I use?

“I’m a sniper taking a shot. Is that Fire, because I’m doing battle? Or Edge, because it’s all about precision? Or Soul, because it’s about patience and interpreting what’s in my scope?” They’re all valid interpretations, so choose one that honestly feels right. When it’s necessary, talk it through as a group, making sure everyone gets heard.

When your Number is zero

When your Number is zero, have a meltdown. Lose your shit, rant and rave, do things you'll regret, become a real liability. When you melt down, everyone in the Rig Gang moves a point from their Number to the Rig Pool. This could put someone else on zero, so a chain reaction is possible.

A meltdown typically doesn't end till someone or something precious has been put in danger. After a meltdown, the Rig Gang has an opportunity. Either:

1. **Feelings have been had.** If the whole Gang agree it, any number of points may be distributed from the Rig Pool to any Numbers (on zero or not).
or
2. **Tempers remain frayed.** If the whole Gang doesn't agree a distribution, everybody on zero takes just one point from the Rig Pool.

There is another way

Instead of melting down, you can spend a Contemplation Token to Reframe Rage. When you Reframe Rage, roll a d6. This becomes your new Number. There is just one catch. There is no way in this game to gain Contemplation Tokens. WTF?! That's so STUPID! Why can't a game just be a GAME, why does it have to be META?! FURIOUS. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Harm

Start with 0 Harm. As a guideline, getting decked deals 1 Harm, getting stabbed or shot deals 2 Harm. Getting blasted by the Big Bad, or smashed in especially ingenious or grisly ways, deals 3 Harm. HEALING: Healing is at MC's discretion, but should be pretty rare. AT 6 HARM: Your character has an injury that won't heal this session, and will probably never be quite the same ever again. AT 8 HARM: Your character is over. Decide what this means in a genre-appropriate way. A grisly death? Or estranged from your Rig Gang forever?

Rig Pool

Your Rig Pool does two things. One, **it's your Rig's health**. Whenever the Rig Pool hits zero, suffer some major malfunction: burst tyre, flames and smoke, engine won't start, brakes stop working, Rig is not where you parked it, Rig breaks into two pieces joined by an unravelling cable at 120mph, etc. Roll with Edge to fix the Rig Pool back up to 1 ... which could take like HOURS!

Two, the Rig Pool can **help you with any roll**. Right after you roll, spend a point from the Rig Pool to increase or decrease your Number. This change is lasting: it's not just for this roll. Always remember ...

... Rules by the Pool

1. You can't move your Number unless you've just rolled, with real stakes.
2. Move your Number by a max of 1 per roll.
3. *Only* use the Rig Pool to move your Number *if* the whole Gang agrees. This rule is OPTIONAL and you MUST NOT clarify at the start whether you are using it. It can only be activated mid-game by an argument about whether or not you're using it.

Big action sequences

- The MC or whoever's directing the scene shifts the spotlight around the Gang. When it's on you, say what you do, roll what feels right. Players always roll; the MC doesn't roll. Let the fiction guide you.
- Deaths are gruesome and specific. There's always time for a sick-one liner.
- Whenever you try to deal Harm, you usually open yourself up to the possibility of taking Harm.

Now is definitely the time

Even in the midst of battle, maintain bickering, weird passive-aggressive signals, big feels, and/or tearful reconciliations. Sure, keep the action side of things cinematic and fast-moving. But big action sequences are also the ideal time to ...

- explore complex long-term emotional dynamics, for example some members of your Gang not taking seriously how you have grown and changed as a person over the past year;
- clarify subtext that has been bugging you, for example somebody's sick one-liner just now that may or may not have been kind of also directed at you;
- share insights into how Gang members have different styles of intimacy, solidarity, and care;
- examine feelings and establish or clarify personal boundaries; and/or
- change your plans for tomorrow: yes, you *did* agree before, but that was *before*.

Guidelines for trading Harm

- When you **confront a foe on an equal footing**, make a roll. On a success you deal Harm. On a failure you take Harm. On a partial success, choose one:
 - You deal Harm *and* take Harm!
 - Well, the important thing is nobody got hurt! But now your enemy has an opening ...
- When you **seek to gain an advantage**, make a roll. On a success or a partial success you gain that advantage. Two thumbs up, kiddo! On a partial success or a fail, you take Harm.
- When you **press home an advantage**, make a roll. On a success you can deal Harm. On a partial success, look on the bright side, champ! Choose one:
 - You deal Harm and take Harm, but you keep some or all of your advantage.
 - You deal Harm, but now the tables have turned.
- When you **give your enemy an opening**, make a roll. On a fail you take Harm. On a partial success you take Harm *and* deal Harm. On a full success you avoid Harm, and have the option to automatically deal some Harm.
- The MC can switch things up on a case-by-case basis, guided by the fiction you're all creating.
- What about the Rig? The Rig is constantly getting smashed up and fixed up. Under normal circumstances, this shouldn't affect the Rig Pool. But for a really big crash or hit, the MC may want to make an exception.

Name?

How does the world see me?

How does my Gang see me?

Number

With Fire: roll over

With Edge: roll equal

With Soul: roll under

Harm

After a roll, spend 1 from the Rig Pool to move your Number up or down 1.
When you **fail** with **Fire** or **Soul**, move 1 point to the Rig Pool.
When your Number is zero, have a meltdown, then re-up from the Rig Pool.

Skill

Rolling with your Skill? Roll x2 dice + keep the best

Mutant Power

(Optional)

Stuff, Notes

Storytelling Tips

1. Take the frenetic ultra-violence of the post-apocalyptic wastelands in your stride. You’ve seen it all before! Sure, showdowns with machine gun toting cannibals from the Shadow Farm can make you a little cranky, but **the real challenges are always relationships**: all the feelings, presences, boundaries, spaces, energies, shtick, joshing, histories, subtexts; all the tiny acts of care or carelessness; of attention or indifference; all the moments of misunderstanding or connection. 2. Use the **building blocks** (below).

Building Blocks

Scene Hooks: “Hey Gang Did You See That? Did Everybody See That?”

For a prompt to stir up drama, roll for A+B or A+B+B or A+B+C and link them somehow: e.g. “hitchhiker wants to start diner to rebuild civilization” or “hitchhiker escaped from cannibal diner.”

	A	B	C
2	Settlement on the move	Tunnel-dwellers	A drug that makes dreams real
3	Picnic spot / viewpoint	Pirates / con artists	Huh! Apparently defies rational explanation
4	Diner / gas station / bar	Inventors / witches	Extremely imaginative body modification
5	Carnival / parade / rave	Cultists / utopians	Someone has real fond memories of round here!
6	Trading post	Mutant organisms	A thing that ALWAYS makes one of you cranky
7	Homestead / shanty town	Hitchhikers	A strange game or ritual to divide resources
8	Ruins / wrecks / trash	Rival (way better) Gang	Each of you remembers something differently
9	Bunker / bug-out spot	Miners / ranchers	Strange urge to take things to specific places
10	Flying in the air	Weird plague carriers	An old institution (e.g. Spelling Bee) kept going!
11	Overgrown sports stadium	Kids / aliens	Just making a real quick detour to drop off ...
12	Arcology / The Facility	Pageant queens	Quadcopter skull guarding energy crystal

Pursuer Hooks: “Neat, Check It Out Honey, It’s That Same Truck From Before!”

Every now and then roll 2d6. Unless you roll doubles, assign one die to Who? and one die to Why? Add them to your list of pursuers. Roll 2d6 again soon. When you roll doubles, you must stop for a bathroom break. Before you hit the road again, all your pursuers catch up with you.

	Who?	Why?
1	Raiders	It’s to do with one of your Gang specifically
2	Cultists	It’s to do with a thing you may not even realise you have
3	Mutants	Their motives are religious, economic, and/or involve honor
4	Collectors	They are under a mistaken impression about you
5	Cyborgs	You’re the missing puzzle piece in what they’ve got planned
6	Just daytrippers / someone else	It’s to do with your Rig

You may want to flesh out the Why? with additional intentions, e.g. murder, robbery, policing, kidnapping, blackmail, sabotage, scouting, questioning, intimidation, revenge, trade, protection, a proposal, just chilling.

Road Trip Hooks: “So We Thought, You Know, ‘I Know, Why Not Drive??’”

Oh, what’s this whole big trip about? Well, see, we’re [doomsday cultists / loyal Enforcers of Tsarina Thorn / unmercenary do-gooders / couriers / random misfits] who [got lost / never ask questions / are fleeing the Wire King / are trying to restart a postal service] and there’s this [revenge we thought we’d exact / new nuclear meltdown we thought we’d avert / kidnapped Gang member we thought we’d rescue / rumor we thought we’d investigate about {telepathic tumbleweed / a Seed Vault / a vaccine for the Merging Plague / Robo-Utopia / a child with immunity / a fairy ring fungi temporal anomaly / Haven, the celestial city with cloud-based irrigation}] only it’s kinda FAR, somewhere [deep in a legendary government complex / within the Asteroid strike site / near {a shanty town predated by a mysterious beast / the Million Wreck Pile-Up / The Hospital}], but then so I said honey let’s check the map first and it’s [10,000 / 50,000 / 100,000 miles] of [barren wasteland / overgrown ruins / chaos prairie] prowled by [marauders / mutants / murderbots / zeds] ... so we thought, you know, ‘I Know, Why Not Drive??’

Relationship Hooks

- ✱ **Distracted.** Even though this is your special time together, one of you is REALLY not engaging with the rest of the Rig Fam. All you care about is ... what? Looking for wi-fi (there is no wi-fi)? Thinking about Warboys? Burying your nose in your Geiger counter? “Texting” (via jury-rigged shortwave radio transmitter)?
- ✱ **This again?** Just *one* time, just before somebody joined the Fam, they tried something sketchy, like ambushing and capturing the Gang for meat. Now it seems like *some* people can’t let that go.
- ✱ **The *real* reason one of you came along.** What are you hiding? What are you running away from? OK sure, from the horde of Red Shamblers, point taken. But what are you *really* running away from?
- ✱ **Golden child.** “Megan, didja get the Chain King tangled in his own chains? I don’t know where you get your imagination from, buster! You sure are something! Kirsten, I see you finally jumped on the Warboys’ Dragonwagon and threw a flare in their gas tank then jumped back just before it blew. Glad to see you’re finally making an effort. Megan, keep up the good work, champ! Kirsten, did you see what *Megan* did with the Chain King’s chains?”
- ✱ **Just be present.** One of you’s always like “We must warn Captain Bird immediately!” instead of just *listening*.
- ✱ **Cringe #1.** One or more of the elder Gang members are SO CRINGE. They say “Battlebabes” instead of “Warboys,” plus they hark back to a Golden Age which probably never even existed. When you call them on it they get high and mighty about “PC [Post-Capitalocene] Gone Mad.”
- ✱ **Cringe #2.** One or more the elder Gang members are SO CRINGE. They’re trying to be woke and you 100% support their journey and everything, but AARGH. They screw up the ambush by asking for the target’s pronouns? They stop in the middle of a Road Reaver firefight to ask if modding the Rig with salvaged solar panels was maybe culturally appropriative? Then they give you this knowing smirk like, “Did I do good?” NO YOU DIDN’T DO GOOD.
- ✱ **Self-absorbed.** “So after we lost each other in the dust storm, you fought the Helix Angels, then gained their trust, then the Interceptors attacked, then ID’d the spy among the Helix Angels, then you found the third fragment of the Device Schematic in the biodiv bunker but accidentally activated an AI called the Process, then you foiled the Uplifted Wombat plot to poison the Riddling Plague vaccine, then you hid from Bladed Jon, then you saved the common pigeon from extinction. It would be nice if you asked me how *my* day’s been?”
- ✱ **Loyalties.** One of your Gang insists that your antagonist Melf the Meatmonger has “kind eyes.”
- ✱ “I get that we are stealthing this exfiltration but **I am just not feeling very seen right now?**”
- ✱ **“Not in front of** [the kids / my crush / my ex / our guests / our captors / our pursuers / the bot]!”
- ✱ **“I would *never* throw you under the bus** the way you literally threw me under the Warboys’ bus?”
- ✱ **Ruff!** One of you is The Dog.

Heterotopia Hooks: Well I Don't See It On The Map!

Choose as many keywords and phrases as you like to create a settlement.

Vibe: This [seems to be a / used to be a] [baseball diamond / bridge / bug-out spot / bunker / camp / bunch of camper vans / caravan / bunch of cars / cave complex / cloud city / cricket pitch / croft / dirigible / enclave / fortified steading / factory / festival site / forested former suburb / garage / garden city / hospital / hunting lodge / ice rink / junkyard castle / labyrinth / marina / monastery / nursing home / outpost / pit / post-industrial site / prison / raft / ranch / refinery / bunch of ruins / scavengers' paradise / school / sea steading / semi-nomadic settlement / shantytown / skyscraper / slum / sports facility / soccer field / squat / stilt village / stronghold / termite mound / trading post / train / city of treehouses / network of trenches / settlement under the stars / underwater bubble / university / vault / yacht / bunch of yurts.]

Leader: Now *that's* a touchy subject! / We ain't got one. / We ain't got a leader, but we *have* got [a *skriggle* / a *gurlfurgin*]. / We *all* lead. / We get ourselves a leader whenever we need one. / What's a 'leader'? / There's a new one every [year / month / day / hour]. / We're led by [Giant Puppets / those born with the Mark / a Monarch whom we kill if they defy consensus / a Council of Seven / a Council of all / a Council of None / a Council of Nope / an algorithm / a sequence of omens]. / We [fear / honor / respect / obey / humiliate / hunt / love / chain up / ignore / disguise / cuddle / eat] them. / We worship the Squidlord. / We ♥ the Faces.

Classes & factions: Egalitarian. / Hierarchy with [rapid / some] flux. / 'Meritocracy' but probably super weird by olden day standards. / Imperial occupiers. / Interlocking matrices of oppression. / Even the levelling mechanisms have levelling mechanisms. / It's a [strict / loose] caste system, based [on birth / on chance / on rotation / on gender / on consent / on omens / on skill in the Game / on one's *peckle* / on sports fandoms / on aesthetic opinions / on pretty blatantly fake psychic powers / on religious views / on humor / astrological sign / on language / on code / on allergies].

Childcare: All the grown-ups look after all the kids. / What's a 'kid'? Everybody just cares for each other. / A credits system. / Complex system of care agreements.

Justice: It's almost [non-existent / retributive / restorative / reparative / transformative / poetic]. It involves [a lot of talking / special rites / trial by combat / the Game / the Device / the Path / the Beast / It].

Property: What is 'property'? / We don't have property here, everything is shared in common! / Everything is shared apart from [the land / shacks / salt / a few personal belongings / anything *noopin* / any property of the *gurlfurgin*]. / Every item has two owners, its *squimwatch* & its *fimzl*, each with different rights & duties. / Every thing has one owner, but that

owner changes as determined by [the *skriggle* / the *chazzwazza*]. / Our intricate set of possessive pronouns convey our many special versions of 'owning' stuff. / Only things can own things, so we ask things' permissions & interpret their wishes. / Stealth theft is 100% legal & admired. / We recognize the distinction between *usus*, *fructus*, & *abusus*. / Only [priests / non-priests] can own things. / [Some people are / everybody is / nobody is] a priest. / People can only own things that [they can physically lift / that they inherited]. / The commons is the sole inheritor. / The Merging Plague disincentivizes retaining possessions for too long anyway. / Sure we got private property for most things, enforced by [might makes right / General Assembly / neighbors / the *gurlfurgin* / cops / the Blues & Reds / the Occupiers / the Witches / the Ax Swarm].

Bureaucracy: Is [bliss / bullshit / other]. Our metrics and measures are [familiar / unfamiliar], [plentiful / few], [revered / mocked], [seemingly consistent / inconsistent]. We use [writing / cords / memory / songs / dances / textiles / body modification / stones / things we bury / plants / contraptions] to store data.

Commons: We [do / don't] clearly define what things we share. We [do / don't] clearly define who has rights to it. We [do / don't] have rules reflecting our local situation here. We [mess on through / make decisions through {majority vote / unanimous consensus / consensus-minus-one / a system we call *nökhörlöl*}] Everybody's got an equal say. / The affected parties got a bigger say, and we [do / don't] got a pretty clear definition of 'the affected parties.' We do / don't got [pretty decent monitoring / graduated sanctions] against folks who don't play ball. Our means of settling disputes is [slow / fast] and [controversial / uncontroversial]. To be honest with you, our one big problem is [Road Reaver raids / auditors from Bullettown / Bob].

Cops: The cops call the shots. / The *squimwatch* protects us from cops reappearing. / Rotating duty. / Secret police. / We call them the Serenity Sentinels. / We're looking for a fresh sheriff. Third one this month. / We elect judges. / We use sortition. / We have Detectives and Mediators but no cops. / Only the Infected can be judges. / We built this here LAWBOT & forgot how to switch him off. / We do feuds & duels. / Ain't nobody defy the verdict of *xkiskimatch*. / The Mommydaddies keep our naughtinesses in line. / To police a type of crime, first you got to get away with it.

Violence: Never. / Sometimes. / Often. / Always. / Only in the Battle of the Bands. / Only with [big ass swords / a baseball bat / a ceremonial pool noodle]. / Those who do violence are [honored / ignored / shunned / exiled / pitied / re-educated / mocked / killed]. / We project the possibility of

violence into a spectral cosmos of perennial war with [great / some / very little success], and [we do / we sort of do] know that's what we're doing. / We're in the midst of a revolution.

Resources / scarcities: We [do / don't] have art / [dry / fertile / clean] land / books / fresh [air / water] / gas / human meat but wait wait wait hear us out / illyrion / jokes / livestock / machine parts / medicines / metal / minerals / moonshine / music / narcotics / natural gas / pollinators / punchlines / scrap / seeds / solar panels / space / stories / sunlight / telescopes / unobtainium / vaccine / vitamins / wind / wind turbines / wood.

Money and debt: There's no money, but there are a lot of gifts. We keep track of who gives what [very carefully / not that carefully]. / There is money and [anyone can issue it / it must be found / its amount is fixed forever / it is controlled centrally]. [There are many kinds of money. / Each money has its special purposes and can only be {exchanged for certain things / can only be used by certain people / can only be used at certain times}]. Money is abstract [and also / but not] physical currency. Money is based [on scarcity / on stories / on time / on money / on dreams / on time / on energy / on smells / on music / on art / on rumors / on ghosts / on boasts / on insults / on wax / on exercise / on secrets / on beans]. / Only those who win boasting contests can make *vrill* money. / Only those who speak the sacred language can make *nyim* money.

Work: There's [a little / a lot] of bullshit. / 4 hours a day. / "Playbor." / A new division of labor. / "Balanced job complexes." / New jobs invented each morning by mashing up the old ones. / We [do / don't] care about matching up how much you contribute & how much you benefit. / We work in a frenzy then chill for ages. / Everything is a chore or a passion. / "Vocateurs." / All work [is / is not] compensated. / All work [is sacred / is taboo and we never discuss it]. / The lizards do all the work, everybody else just cleans their teeth. / Work only exists as a penalty for antisocial behavior. / Everyone competes to work. / Vocations are [inherited / voted on / bought / rotated / randomised. / All work is [accompanied by / is accomplished] [by singing / by dancing / by poetry / by dreaming / by patty cake / by hopscotch / by magic]. / Debt bondage. / A kind of serfdom. / Chattel slavery. / A new kind of slavery.

Miscellaneous: A rhyming couplet describes a law. / Ghosts! / It's hyper-mutagenic zone. / They're trying to sink a new well. / / Everyone has a different identity by day & by night. / Here one's genes dream. / There's alien or ancient tech. / Enwreathed by ravenous emerald-vibrant jungle. / The Golem is here.

Sanitation: Our pit latrines are [getting dug as we speak / partially lined / fully lined / fully lined with a spiral wall outhouse / fully lined with outhouse plus ventilation pipe & flyscreen / as above plus twin-pit design & odor-absorbing sawdust.] / Not gonna lie, this is an area for improvement. / We are at war with the settlement downriver. / We're low on

infrastructure, but there's gong farmers. / Help yourself to a bucket or trowel, Shit Hill's that way. / That why we built the Crapapult. / There are some kinks in the Incinerating Toilet design. / We built our own aqueducts & limestone filters. / We got the old system up & running. / Open sewage canals in the center of the streets. / Small-bore sewerage & a waste stabilization pond. / Grinder pumps, vacuum sewers & treatment plant. / Gravity sewerage with lift station & treatment plant. / Pour-flush pit latrine [with squatting pan plus water seal. / with pedestal plus water seal.] / Rainwater cistern [plus septic tank & drain field / plus septic tank & biofiltration]. / Two-stage septic tank process with biodigester. / Tiger-Worm Toilet. / We use permaculture [arborloos / treebogs]. / [Bench / squatting] urine-diverting compost toilets. / Lots of small plywood box urine-diverting toilets. / Three seashells. / Fecal sludge becomes biodiesel feedstock. / A diverse array of sanitation technologies. / It's based on an alchemy unknown in the olden days. / Our stillsuits recycle 90% of waste into catchpockets. / We live in symbiotic harmony with the Dungsparrows. / We've developed a substance called Excre-Cement. / Bioengineered Sewerage-Vines. / It's a secret.

Once upon a time, in the ruins of the old order, a paradise was built by a brave band of [Afrofuturists / anarcho-punks / anthropologists / archivists / bronies / body-modders / cleaners / dirtbags / drag queens / Drill artists / e-people / edgelords / film buffs / Flappers / folksy hipsters / former slaves / furries / glam metal rockers / goths / grad students / hackers / hippies / hypebeasts / incels / influencers / Juggalos / LARPerS / live coders / makers / metalheads / monks / otaku / preppers / reply guys / revolutionary elite / scumbros / serfs / sea punks / sex workers / stranded travelers from a parallel universe / sneakerheads / steampunks / stoners / street magicians / tech bros / time travelers / tourists / Trekkers / wastemen / Wikipedians].

They have this word here, *squimwatch* / *bellybubby* / *noopin* / *nökhörlöl* / *gurlyfurgin* / *witchnibble* / *frailking* / *chazzwazza* / *foozle* / *peckle* / *fimzl* / *ᄇapᄇap* / *umoot* / *ukutshin* / something else ... / and it just ain't possible to translate. / and it kinda refers to [a ritual / something no outsider can know about / a taboo / our equivalent of a 'leader' / a special profession in these parts / a 'game' that's more than a game / the thing that lives in the shadows / a prophesied event / a local emotion / how folks round here transcend the individual vs. the collective / a mystical decision-making process / a socially-constructed penalty-obligation / something bigger than a breadbox but we can't tell you, we have to show you / well ... something kinda ... a bit weird?]

And you know what? It all
works / doesn't work / kind of works.

Optional: Alt Character Creation

- 1. Don't each pick your own Number to start with. Instead, divide up 7 points (with 2 players), 10 points (3 players), 14 points (4 players), 17 points (5 players), or 20 points (6+ players) between yourselves and the Rig.
- 2. And/or adapt character creation from *Apocalypse World*, *Darksun*, *Gaslands*, or *Dream Askew*.
- 3. And/or give yourself an attachment style: secure, avoidant, anxious, anxious-avoidant.
- 4. And/or give yourself one **Mutant Power**. For inspiration, try *X-Force*, *The Invisibles*, *Misfits*, *Umbrella Academy*, or the Powerlisting wiki. E.g.: "Bone manipulation." Or, "Oneirokinesis." Or, "When you take a 'What Disney character are you?' quiz or similar you actually temporarily shapeshift into that character." Roll with Edge to use it.

Optional: Alt Health and Harm System

- Here's another way. Health is a usage die, stepping down on a 1 or 2, starting at d8. In other words:
- 1. Your physical wellbeing is represented by a die. At first it's a d8.
 - 2. Every time you are harmed, roll the die. If it's higher than 2, you took a scratch but you're OK. If it's 1 or 2, something bad happened. Narrate the injury and replace the die with one lower. A d8 becomes a d6, a d6 becomes a d4.
 - 3. If you roll a 1 or 2 on a d4, your character is done (e.g. dead, missing forever).

BOSS FIGHTS. Get hit by a brutal bad guy and you have to roll your Health Die twice. HEALING. If the MC decides to include healing, do it like this. At every decent pitstop, roll your health die. If you get the max result, step the die up, to a max of d8.

Optional: Alt Damage with Armor

As a guideline, getting decked deals 1-2 Harm, getting stabbed or shot deals 2-3 Harm. Getting blasted by the Big Bad, or smashed in especially ingenious or grisly ways, deals 3-4 Harm. Good armor can reduce any Harm you take by 1. Really good armor can reduce any Harm you take by 2.

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Too much Soul can turn to ennui.
Too much Edge can turn to fixation.
Too much Fire can turn to fury.